

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 96.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE journey from our town to the metropolis, was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger, got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood-street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of everything: otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and dirty.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammercloth, motheaten into rags, was quite a work of time. It was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted MR. JAGGERS.

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble.

I know him!" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

"Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words, the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velvet suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about, as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about, that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-backed chair was of deadly black horsehair, with rows of brass nails round it like a coffin; and I fancied I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger at the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall: for the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers's chair, was greasy with shoulders. I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

I sat down in the cliental chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers's chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. I called to mind that the clerk had the same air of knowing something to everybody else's disadvantage, as his master had. I wondered how many other clerks there were up-stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what was the history of all the odd litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swollen faces were of Mr. Jaggers's family, and, if he were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them on that dusty perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home. Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my spirits may have been oppressed by the hot exhausted air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on everything. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers's close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers's chair, and got up and went out.

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half-a-crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes—mentioning that awful personage like waxwork, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteenpence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after to-morrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proprietor wore (from his hat down to his boots and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had

bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well rid of him for a shilling.

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. This time I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers, as well as I. There were two men of secret appearance lounging in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully fitting their feet into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Jaggers would do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she pulled her own shawl over her shoulders, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more *could* you have?" There was a red-eyed little Jew who came into the Close while I was loitering there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand; and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! all otherth ith Cag-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!" These testimonies to the popularity of my guardian made a deep impression on me, and I admired and wondered more than ever.

At length, as I was looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close into Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road towards me. All the others who were waiting saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder and walking me on at his side without saying anything to me, addressed himself to his followers.

First, he took the two secret men.

"Now, I have nothing to say to *you*," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"We made the money up this morning, sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jaggers's face.

"I don't ask you when you made it up, or where, or whether you made it up at all. Has Wemmick got it?"

"Yes, sir," said both the men together.

"Very well; then you may go. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me, I'll throw up the case."

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—" one of the men began, pulling off his hat.

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "You thought! I think for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to

find me. Now I won't have it. I won't hear a word."

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

"And now you?" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping, and turning on the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly separated.—"Oh! Amelia, is it?"

"Yes, Mr. Jaggers."

"And do you remember," retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

"Oh yes, sir!" exclaimed both women together. "Lord bless you, sir, well we knows that!"

"Then why," said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

"My Bill, sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Once for all. If you don't know that your Bill's in good hands, I know it. And if you come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"Oh yes, sir! Every farden."

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back."

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers's coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth!"

"Who's he?" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thutlupithion of plate."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white, "don't thay you're again Habraham Latharuth!"

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My hown cuthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethent minute, to hoffer him hany termth. Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condethenthun to be bought off from the t'other thide—at hany thupenor prithe!—money no object!—Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot. Without further interruption, we reached the front office, where we found the clerk and the man in velvet with the fur cap.

"Here's Mike," said the clerk, getting down from his stool, and approaching Mr. Jaggers confidentially.

"Oh!" said Mr. Jaggers, turning to the man, who was pulling a lock of hair in the middle of his forehead, like the Bull in Cock Robin pulling at the bell-rope; "your man comes on this afternoon. Well?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a deal o' trouble, I've found one, sir, as might do."

"What is he prepared to swear?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose on his fur cap this time; "in a general way, anythink."

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate. "Now I warned you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in that way here, I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell me that?"

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unconscious what he had done.

"Spooney!" said the clerk, in a low voice, giving him a stir with his elbow. "Soft Head! Need you say it face to face?"

"Now, I ask you, you blundering booby," said my guardian, very sternly, "once more and for the last time, what the man you have brought here is prepared to swear?"

Mike looked hard at my guardian, as if he were trying to learn a lesson from his face, and slowly replied, "Ayther to character, or to having been in his company and never left him all the night in question."

"Now, be careful. In what station of life is this man?"

Mike looked at his cap, and looked at the floor, and looked at the ceiling, and looked at the clerk, and even looked at me, before beginning to reply in a nervous manner, "We've dressed him up like——" when my guardian blustered out:

"What? You WILL, will you?"

("Spooney!") added the clerk again, with another stir.)

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

"He is dressed like a 'spectable pieman. A sort of a pastrycook."

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin on some door-steps round the corner."

"Take him past that window, and let me see him."

The window indicated was the office window. We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This guileless confectioner was not by any means sober, and had a black eye in the green stage of recovery, which was painted over.

"Tell him to take his witness away directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme dis-

gust, "and ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he lunched, standing, from a sandwich-box and a pocket flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers, the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes, and such other things as I could in reason want. "You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian, whose flask of sherry smelt like a whole cask-full, as he hastily refreshed himself, "but I shall by this means be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from up-stairs to take his place while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. We found a new set of people lingering outside, but Wemmick made a way among them by saying coolly yet decisively, "I tell you it's no use; he won't have a word to say to one of you;" and we soon got clear of them, and went on side by side.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

CASTING my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for, he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch-chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled

lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

"So you were never in London before?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

"No," said I.

"I was new here once," said Mr. Wemmick.

"Rum to think of now!"

"You are well acquainted with it now?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the moves of it."

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered, in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere who'll do that for you."

"If there is bad blood between you and them," said I, to soften it off a little.

"Oh! I don't know about bad blood," returned Mr. Wemmick; "there's not much bad blood about. If there's anything to be got by it."

"That makes it worse."

"You think so?" returned Mr. Wemmick.

"Much about the same, I should say."

He wore his hat on the back of his head, and looked straight before him: walking in a self-contained way as if there were nothing in the streets to claim his attention. His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all.

"Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hammersmith, west of London."

"Is that far?"

"Well! Say five miles."

"Do you know him?"

"Why, you're a regular cross-examiner!" said Mr. Wemmick, looking at me with an approving air. "Yes, I know him. I know him!"

There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words, that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note to the text when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers



into which these houses were divided, were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay and miserable makeshift; while To Let To Let To Let To Let, glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the gravel. A frouzy mourning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far my sense of sight; while dry rot and wet rot and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat and mouse and bug and coaching-stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, "Try Barnard's Mixture."

So imperfect was this realisation of the first of my great expectations, that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. "Ah!" said he, mistaking me; "the retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me."

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs—which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into sawdust, so that one of these days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—to a set of chambers on the top floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

"He hardly thought you'd come so soon," Mr. Wemmick explained. "You don't want me any more?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day."

"Good day."

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself,

"To be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?"

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick—"except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good day!"

When we had shaken hands and he was gone, I opened the staircase window and had nearly beheaded myself, for the lines had rotted away, and it came down like the guillotine. Happily it was so quick that I had not put my head out. After this escape, I was content to take a foggy view of the Inn through the window's encrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly overrated.

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of Shortly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of

every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stairs. Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat, trousers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper-bag under each arm and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at mid-day, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account—not that that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good."

For a reason that I had, I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention incoherently, and began to think this was a dream.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "This door sticks so!"

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the door while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combated with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last, that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I felt as if my eyes must start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

"Pray come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior.

"Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought you would get on more agreeably through to-morrow with me than with him, and might like to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jaggers's directions. As to our lodging, it's not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn't anything to give me, and I shouldn't be willing to take it, if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. You mustn't give me credit for the tablecloth and spoons and castors, because they come for you from the coffee-house. This is my little bedroom; rather musty, but Barnard's is musty. This is your bedroom; the furniture's hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want anything, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together, but we shan't fight, I dare say. But, dear me, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed."

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior,

delivering him the bags, One, Two, I saw the starting appearance come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back :

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

### CHARLESTON CITY.

It seems but yesterday that I was standing on the pleasant battery terrace at Charleston, looking out across the tumbling green waves towards the forts that guard the harbour; and now here I am, in a dull house, buried, as all London just now is, deep under a dumb flood of yellow opaque fog, above which I see St. Paul's alone rising enormous, as a floating ark breasting the murky deluge.

Let me retrace those steps, and imagine myself again at Charleston. I am staying at the "Mill's House," a noble palace of an hotel, in the chief street of the city. I have left my two travelling companions, Paul Allan and Silas Allan, of Washington county, Texas, to play at billiards, while I stroll out on the battery, to get an appetite for the four o'clock hotel dinner.

What a delicious July morning. What a blue serene tide of warm melted azure floats above the palmetto trees, and flowering magnolias of this metropolis of South Carolina. How pleasantly and with how lover-like a whisper the immense waves coquettishly run up and kiss the broad square rampart stones of the terrace on which I stand. How deftly the little fishing-boats sough in, with a sweep and a swirl, taking down and huddling up their blowzy brown sails, as they float calmly into the inner harbour, where idle craft rock and flap in the tepid green water!

And now, as

I am off to Charleston

Early in the morning,

let me look seaward, and note what catches my vagrant eye, first premising that Charleston, founded in 1670, and deriving its name from that black-wigged debauchee Charles II., pleasantly displays its houses on a point of land where the Ashley and Cooper rivers meet to form its harbour, and lave the shining coppered keels of its Northern shipping with seventeen feet of deep rolling brine.

I do not wonder that the Charleston people love their sea-side walk, for the heat bursts on you here, as from a burning fiery furnace suddenly thrown open, and all beyond the Ashley river, among the white cotton-fields, the heat is African—as the labourers are also. And as for Augusta way, the glare from the white sand tracts there would blister your face if it were not for the green coolness of the pine boughs above, that you look up at and snatch comfort from, in the eager manner in which a Southern glutton drinks gulps of ice water between his spoonfuls of intolerably delicious pepper-soup. Here, up and down the embraused terraces, at right angles to each other, the fair yellow mulattoes and shiny

black negress nurses wander, with their faces turned to the sea, wooing the fluttering breeze that fans black cheeks and white cheeks with Divine impartiality.

I am leaning over the clean-cut warm stones of the battery wall, only the faintest beads of the spray now and then reaching my hot face, and am dying to map in my mind the chief features of the land-locked bay. I hear from the public gardens behind me, where the pines grow so tall and massy, the laughing voices of the playing children. Suddenly the deep bay of a large St. Bernard dog arouses me from my brown study. I look round, and see a gentleman-like well-dressed man, with two large dogs riotous at his heels, one of whom, as he flings his stick into the leaping waves, dashes in with the boisterous alacrity of a faithful body-guard, not with the lazy sullenness of a demoralised slave.

The dog reappears with the stick, and shaking himself till he looks like a trundled mop, half drenches us in the triumph of his joy.

The master's apologies for his thoughtless companion, and my regrets that any apologies should be thought needful, lead to a friendly conversation.

Venatico, as I will call him, begins to talk about the fishing vessels that lie in flocks and spots out yonder to the west, fishing for a fish with a wonderful Indian name that I can neither spell nor pronounce, and which is only found in the sea round Charleston. The crews are all hired negroes, he says, and are very profitable to their temporary masters. Venatico bids me also remark that, like Venice, at first view Charleston city seems growing out of the waves.

He points me out the chief features of the harbour. The low dark lines of shore, the white houses of Mount Pleasant, and the low light-coloured forts, black-dotted where the cannons' eyes look out for the enemy blankly.

That block of a fort there, full at the entrance, is Fort Pinckney. It is built on what was formerly a dangerous shoal, but I believe is not strong, or was not when Carolina first seceded. Close by this fort is the only true channel, for, nearer to the right, by Sullivan's Island, where Fort Moultrie stands, it is impassable to any but fishing-boats, the water runs so shallow.

That rising ground to the left is Mount Pleasant, where the Charleston people retreat to bathe and sleep during the midsummer, when King Yellow Fever too often hoists his sickly banner over this low-lying city. Nor must I forget James's Island, with its old ruined fort, or threatening Fort Sumter, that can, if it choose, sweep the bay with its fire-breathing cannon.

Venatico points me out also, the sandy corner of Mount Pleasant behind which lie sea-side country-houses, the quiet joys of which he expatiates on. Nearer to the left are the low swamps that render the city at times so unhealthy; for they breathe out their poison at night, and the great heat is by day perpetually distilling fever from their steamy vapour.

Do I see that steamer, that blows and

puffs and yet seems scarcely to move, out there in the offing between Fort Sumter and Mount Pleasant?

I do. "Well, sir." It is the New York steamer. The pilot, trying to make a quicker passage than usual, and so get puffed and advertised in the local newspapers, has tried to push by a near cut over a famous shoal, which every fishing urchin in the city knows. These men are so reckless!—if the tide goes down, and he is not off, he will have to wait there many hours.

It does not look far, but it must be five miles to where the steamer is, for it is six miles to the fort at the mouth of the bay. Now, the steamer sends up a red palmetto flag-signal, and the telegraph goes to work—I suppose she wants a tough little tug to drag her off the sucking sand. What a fluster and fuss she is in! breathing out white smoke as if she were quite blown by her exertions. Now, her wheels toss the froth forward as she tries to back off; but all in vain: the reckless pilot's imprudence must be expiated by the loss of a day.

Now, Venatico, walking to a fresh point of view, shows me which way the Cooper river, and which way the Ashley runs. The Cooper river—the Etiwando of the Indians—is bordered by rice-fields, and in its stream bossy alligators float and wallow. The Ashley, broad and grand, flowing between green banks, once regions of great wealth, boasts its ancient mansions dating back to the time when the Red Skins beleaguered this rich city of the South. It is these two rivers—both named, I believe, after that dangerous friend of liberty, Lord Shaftesbury—that bear up to the long piers and quays of Charleston her bags of rice, her padded bales of cotton, her brown sheaves of tobacco, her piles of pine lumber, and her black casks of tar, pitch, and turpentine, from North Carolina and the western forests. They bring up, too, all the food that goes to feed the sixty-five thousand inhabitants of Charleston, the dangerous minority of whom (nearly thirty thousand) are slaves. It is the farms on these twin rivers that contribute all the spring food of New York and other northern cities; for South Carolina, it must be remembered, grows more rice on its river-banks and swamps than any other state in the Union; and all this rice comes to Charleston, to be propelled thence by steam to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and even to Havannah and Florida.

This rich and learned city (Charleston), so proud of her many public libraries, museums, and schools, is a great dépôt for the West—a station for the transit trade to the great interior. No city on the Atlantic had more commerce than Charleston once had, but it has undergone many fluctuations. The trade is now reviving and spreading forth its branches, if this impending intestine war do not lay the axe to its spreading roots. The American writers say that "Charleston is slowly building up a marine of her own that will one day challenge the famous grease-keelers of Baltimore, 'the city of monuments.'"

When I recur to those azure mornings that I passed in the battery at Charleston, looking out across the waves at the little yellow embrasures on Mount Pleasant and on Sullivan's Island—on Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter, all sleeping in the sunshine like so many basking turtle—as from the city came to me over the gardens the clash and clime of an election band, "Death or Douglas!"—I can scarcely credit that it is the same city that I now read of, where, as I hear, thin yellow faces peer all day through embrasures—where the lurid port fires cast blue glimmers by night upon the harbour waves roaring between Sullivan and Long Islands—where armed brigantines of the Northern states stand "off and on," willing to wound and yet afraid to strike—where nightly signal-rockets fire the sky, and where by day inflammatory red palmetto flags flutter out over the town.

But here to go back to the azure morning, let me follow Venatico as he rhapsodises on the coolness and healthiness of the forest drives round Mount Pleasant, and of the three miles' hard beach, so grateful to horses' hoofs, along the shores of the east end of Sullivan's Island, where the sea struggles with the shoals, and tries to work its roaring aggressive way, fierce as rebellion, ruthless as tyranny, into the estuaries between the two islands.

Near Fort Moultrie, on the sea line, he tells me, with all the chivalrous exultation of a Charleston man justly proud of his city, is where Colonel Thompson, with only seven hundred Carolina Rifles, defeated, in 1776, our Sir Henry Clinton: what time Fort Moultrie bruised and beat off our Sir Peter Parker from the southern end of the island.

In fact, there is no want of memories in this city to keep awake remembrances of the War of Independence. At the Haddril headland you can still trace the old lines (now nearly covered by Mount Pleasant) that defended the city eighty years ago from our bayonet and cannon. Three times our unlucky armies beleaguered Charleston, which surrendered at last, but only after a two months' siege, when half the city was burnt to mere black planks and shattered stones, and when the people were dying by cartfuls of famine.

Here, too, in the inner city, the poorest negro is proud to show the old Custom House where the Britishers imprisoned the patriots; it was from this building that one of them (Hayne, a saint in the American calendar) was led to execution.

Of these and such things as these, Venatico talks (kind cicerone that he is) as we wander round the city, once of wood, now of brick. He tells me how the Indians once poured from the pine woods and hemmed the city in; then, how the Spanish and French fleets girdled the harbour. He plans me out drives to-day to the Magnolia Cemetery, a beautiful grave-place on the Cooper river, where the live oak, bearded with Spanish moss, grows luxuriant. Hence I am to cross the Ashley river, and "sail out" as far as the old parish church of St. Andrew



(the work of the early colonists), and, beyond, into the cotton plantations and "lovely farmsteads."

I am not either, to forget the great avenue from Charleston into the country, which is lined with live oaks and huge flowering magnolias, with tree myrtles, jessamines, and gardens of flowers.

I am not vexed or chafed by seeing Venatico's eyes kindle and his chest heave, as he relates the repulse of Sir Peter Parker and the slaughter of Clinton's men. For I sympathise with the Americans in that unjust war. Though I lament the blood my country then uselessly shed, I cannot but rejoice that an oppressed colony became free, and, by the freedom that it won, proved the right to freedom.

Now we leave the seaward-looking houses, with the external green blinds to every window, and the trim gardens, so crowded of afternoons, and follow Venatico into the pleasant but narrow streets of Charleston. Being of an historical and antiquarian turn of mind, he explains to me that in one respect his dear city is much inferior to other Southern cities. It has few squares; there is one, I think, with a monument (as at Savannah), the reason of which defect—for "such defect cometh by cause"—is that the city was originally (in 1670) laid out according to the plan furnished to the young colonists from England.

The plan was a magnificent plan, doubtless, according to the lights of Charles the Second's architects (Wren could have had no hand in it, for he had grand Babylonian rectangular views on such matters), but now, in the full common-sense daylight of our modern time, the streets, though regular, look narrow, and the result is unsatisfactory.

But Charleston, in many ways, improves constantly. Repeated scourges of fire have taught the citizens not to rear houses of frail burnable plank, however cheap it may be; and they now use good honest brick, as the Baltimore people do. Then the city is being loosely built; I mean with plenty of room for ventilation between the houses; and with large gardens.

These gardens, and the huge verandahs, like vast half-open external rooms, form the special characteristic features of Charleston. When I look up the great street in which Mill's Hotel is situated, I look up a street of gardens and detached houses. The verandahs are of enormous size, and hang on to the walls by all sorts of contrivances: now from the first floor, now from the second, now resembling huge open-air conservatories, now real apartments, without any walls but trellised railings.

But Venatico has a special object in guiding me by quiet by-streets of gardens towards the famous St. Michael's tower, famous in Charleston tradition. I have been expressing to him my astonishment and delight at seeing the real classic laurel growing wild in the pine-woods of Georgia, spreading green and immortal as when Apollo first plucked its leaves for a wreath in the forests round Parnassus. Ve-

natico smiles at my enthusiasm, and with the true relying unselfish courtesy of a true American gentleman, offers to show me a peculiar species of flowering laurel, that grows to great perfection in Charleston, and in Charleston and its district only.

Through some streets (as of an English country town), all silent and grave, and wearing a rather stern aristocratic aspect, and we reached the house we were in search of. There was the tree some thirty feet high, with green evergreen leaves, a profusion of flowers, and a pulpy red blood drop of a berry, with which it had besprinkled the road. Still it was not what we English call the laurel; and, indeed, for flowers and trees, as well as for beasts and birds, the Americans have quite a different nomenclature. The tree was not half as beautiful either, as the huge magnolia trees I had seen growing round New Orleans, where their vast bushes of pink flowers shine out like colossal roses in the twilight; but still its very existence seemed to realise to me at once the far southern country I was in, more than all else I had seen; and even still more did I feel this in one of the more busy streets when I suddenly came to a tropical-looking palmetto-tree growing through a square orifice in the pavement just opposite a hardware shop. The dead saplings covered with sheets of tin-tacks (where tiles have been fastened) I had been accustomed to, even in the Broadway of New York: where, indeed, there is a legend that one last *stump* still exists; but a palm in an European city—yea, in the very streets—was a novelty.

Yet there it stood, grazed by cart-wheels and dusty with environing traffic, a palm-tree of the tropics; its trunk sheathed, fold on fold, and its fan-like leaves, as I had seen them, mere bushes, in the swamps round Lake Pontchartrain. "How can we expect to find cold, phlegmatic, staid, calculating, dollar-loving people," thought I, "in a burning region where the palmetto grows in the streets, and where folks eat green peppers at dinner?"

But I have no room to describe all the Charleston sights that Venatico took me to see. I particularly rejoiced, however, in the old houses, for it is not in many parts of America you can see houses old enough to boast of ghosts or legends. There is the St. Michael's Church, with the much-admired tower aforesaid; the old Custom-house, where the patriots were imprisoned—a place with really a gloomy dignity above it; and the State House, now employed for the courts of justice, a massy building. The new Custom-house is all of marble, and, though monotonous, is not without beauty; as for the churches, they are all creditable—two of them, St. Finsbar (who knows anything of this saint's antecedents?), a Catholic church, boasts a tower like that of St. Philip's (Episcopalian), and there is a Baptist church with a spire more than two hundred feet high. This is the country where all creeds meet.

The Charleston people, Venatico told me, in the days we spent together visiting these



places, are proud of their public charities, especially the South Carolina Fellowship, Hibernian, Hebrew, German, &c., all of which have large endowments and fine central buildings. Their College Museum stands all but first in the United States. The College Library boasts ten thousand volumes; the Charleston, thirty thousand; the Apprentices, twelve thousand. Both the Library and Medical College are also much esteemed. The Orphan Asylum, too, is a great "lion" for those people of the two Carolinas who visit Charleston. It contains nearly two hundred and fifty orphans—half boys, half girls; and dread King Yellow Fever finds it abundant inmates. I conversed also with many of the students, to whom Venetico introduced me, from the Military Academy in the citadel. They seemed smart well-dressed lads, with a sort of French vivacity about them, not unmingled with chivalrous impulses. This academy is a state institution; half its hundred and eighty members are beneficiary. The system of education is borrowed, partly from the *Ecole Polytechnique* of Paris, and partly from the admirable Military Training School at West Point, on the Hudson. The graduates are the best taught and the most successful young officers of the day. As I looked at them, and heard their stories as we sat over our Lager-beer, I prayed God to keep their lives for nobler purposes than to be squandered at the cannon's mouth in a fratricidal civil war.

#### CONCERNING DINING.

"SIR!" said the great Dictionary maker, in his own surly and deliciously dogmatic way of putting down a truth—as though he were willing to do battle for it at so many pounds a side—"SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!"

No doubt the glasses jingled noisily as the great palm was brought down with loud bang upon the table, thus driving home that rough tenpenny nail of a proposition: "SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!"

See how much may be behind so simple a text. A pregnant aphorism, truly!—a precious apophthegm after the Rochefoucault manner, croak the smaller snarlers; and yet I will venture to say that there was in the lexicographer's mind, not so much a mere complacent annunciation that he found satisfaction in the pure repletion of his own proper stomach, but a sort of protest, a loud reassertion as it were, of a mighty principle fallen into desuetude. There are seasons when pure truisms become exalted into the axioms of a faith. They have to be proclaimed abroad noisily, with the brazenness that belongs only to established conclusions. It is plain there were schismatics in his day who did *not* dine—who, at least, found no relish in that enjoyment—and who preached it down as a nuisance, necessary perhaps, and almost unavoidable, but still to be pruned and curtailed, and in practice nullified. So may obstructive judge or magistrate clog the wheels of a useful act of parliament. They strove, no doubt, to

bring what he would have called respectable deglutition into contempt. It was a waste of precious hours, a making a deity of a particular organ of the person. No wonder, then, that the brave lexicographer bursts into his generous remonstrance, Sir, I like to dine! Sir, whether these heresiarchs shall prevail, and ultimately bring about abolition of the familiar sedentary meal, substituting in its room a sort of run-and-read-and-eat movement, mere succulent joys snatched hurriedly (and standing) at a side-board, worse even than that insecurity of viands rife at the supper-table, and very much akin to that five minutes allowed here for refreshment at the railway counter, still, whatever be the result, SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!

That miserable heresy fell back from the huge rock. Those rotten branches were lopped away, and the old true and pure principles prevailed. Not alone, surely, oh great lexicographer, in that enunciation!—no monopoly in thy unctuous relish of that daily meal! Still lives in our own times that holy faith, with a trusting belief, a firm clinging to that creed which holds affectionately by the altar of the dinner-table, and which neither scoffs nor persecutions have been able to eradicate. Little ones at their mother's knee lisp out a plaintive aspiration for their noonday manna, and as they wax old and stronger, drink in a yet firmer adherence to the great palladium of nutrition. The brave men and women of England—shall we say Old England?—cherish this precious inheritance along with Habeas Corpus, Magna Charta, Trial by Jury, and the other immortal elements of our glorious constitution. It is not to be torn up—it is imperishably implanted in our hearts; and so we shall marry, be born, bury, be elected into vestry and parliament, and dine, unto the end!

In those remote early days when we all lived among the trees in a delightful freedom, and in what is called a state of nature, and went out sporting every day in a light hunting uniform of a few leaves strung together, and returned home late, very much fagged, and with our savage blood well up, taking it well out of those persons who waited on us, and whom we called our squaws—after this cheerful pastime, we did not, properly go to speak, dine—we only ate. Appetite being whetted by the day's exertion, we were in the habit of flinging ourselves on our victuals with a fierce competition, rending it, for the sake of expedition, with skilful fingers, and dispensing with superfluous aid of knife and fork and general dinner-service. There was an internal craving very clamorous, and the sole aim in view was to stay by all speedy means an importunity too long resisted. Usually, we did not wait for the slower process which the degeneracy of modern days has introduced among its artificial wants—connoisseurs among us holding that the flavour and relish is only impaired by the extraction of those juices to which civilised times have so unaccountable a repugnance. We had no tolerance for succession in the order of our repast, but took our food in unseemly junks, simultaneously and promiscuously from

this and that gory joint. We were fearful of being late, of a famine induced by speedier and more execrable jaws; but we did not dine. It was an animal business, and, so far, sufficed for its end; and we lay out at full length afterwards, painfully gorged, and slumbered the post-prandial nap: but we did not dine. It was an indecent aldermanic process. There were no fond memories associated with it, no pleasing anticipations, no exquisite surprises, such as wait on the progress of the modern banquet. No!—thank Heaven for it!—we do not eat now, but we dine: and like to dine, too, as well as the lexicographer.

It is the fashion to inveigh against the more solemn ceremonial feasts, those sumptuous but decently conducted orgies to which our friends bid us periodically. We array ourselves for this funeral banqueting with a sober resignation, and our women, specially, rank it among those reformatory duties which the Draconian laws of their society impose. It is usual for the lady of the mansion to break in upon the quiet retreat of the working, ratepaying, householding, feeding, domestic Clothing-Colonel, who sits in the study and is called husband, with the strongest expression of repugnance upon her countenance, holding a little billet folded like a Venetian blind. "There!" she will exclaim, "another of those odious Jenkinswater dinners! So grim, and stiff, and formal; so stupid and spun out!" For her part, she could not so much as *think* of going, but does eventually think of and go, upon reasons of state and fine diplomatic policy, put forward by the gentle Clothing-Colonel. For my part, I do not share in this affectation of repugnance; I own to a feeling of complacency, a subdued and mellow anticipation, when I see that the honour of Mr. Singleman's society is desired at dinner that day fortnight, at half-past eight o'clock. I have no objection to this playing of Heliogabalus for a short time and at an humble distance, moderated, of course, by the Christian precepts. I like the state, the temporary kingship of the thing, this banqueting in dreamland, and sumptuous stage dinners, if I may so call them. A not inappropriate image, for the waiters are no more than supernumeraries proper, taken on for the piece, who flit about in the fanciful dresses of their order, and minister to the temporary banqueters! We have all but a usufruct merely in these fine things, and stand in about the same relation to the gold and silver properties we are permitted to finger, as Mr. Hicks, of the Royal Victoria Theatre, does to the magnificent Regalia he dons upon occasions of kingly state. Nay, when, enthroned at one of his own entertainments, this monarch calls for wine, and quaffs a deep draught of air from a radiant pasteboard goblet, I trace a fanciful analogy between his and our proceedings; for it has been whispered that much of this gorgeous ornamentation, these lights and epergnes—nay, even the clear-cut crystal which hisses and bubbles with the tempestuous wines—make a surreptitious entry into the house, and are borne away privily

next morning. It is abnormal, a thrusting of prandial greatness, an edible Aladdin's Lamp vision, where we batten in our sleep upon the soups (white and brown), the cutlets, the cunning entrées, the iced puddings, and wake up over the cold simplicity, the barbarous conventionalism of the domestic joint! It is the coming back to the cobbler's shop in the Devil to Pay, or le Diable à Quatre, the introduction by Duke D'Aranza and Claude Melnotte of their respective brides into their humble mansions. As a whole, I should say that for weakly minds easily thrown off their centre it is demoralising. Few temperaments can stand these violent revulsions.

I can *not* bring myself to vilipend these noble institutions. I like the stately ceremonial—not devoid of a certain morne and melancholy grandeur—in all its stages, which recur in a sort of grand monotony, which the tradition of ages has hallowed. I like these starched auxiliaries, mercenaries of waitersdom, who hang about the hall as videttes when you enter, faces unfamiliar, and yet familiar, too, as whom we have met in other halls. I like the discomforting embarrassment of reception up-stairs; the cordiality of the host, which I know to be overdone; his listlessness and absence of mind when I address him on the probability of to-morrow's being wet, but which I can well pardon, for I know that his heart is far away: down below, beside inflamed cook, at the furnace mouth where the flames are raging: a chasing of the deer—that is, quaking for his venison.

It was before remarked that in the primitive hunting days no one dined, but every one ate. There lurks here a nice distinction. That pleasure of banqueting is not so wholly earthly as would be supposed. It lies more in the intellectual, and hath almost a fine spiritual sense. When I sit at the feasts of the heroes, it is not in the low carnal sense that I reckon on being entertained (of course it would be affectation to pretend a full superiority to this weakness), a finer and more exalted process is in progress. With me the brain works in harmonious tides. This I take to be the true exposition of that complex notion, dining, as distinguished from eating; in this lies the chief triumph of civilisation. That exquisite sense of protraction; that linked sweetness long drawn out; the making of the prandial journey by stages, resting a span, and then taking on fresh horses; in short, a decent, orderly march, marked by a sweet complacency and tranquil acceptance of the goods the gods provide,—these are the characteristics of the newer moral order, as distinguished from the wild impatience of unregulated man. See, too, the virtues—prudence, temperance, knowledge, fortitude—that are brought into healthy play; a thoughtful speculation as to what new delights are being borne round, and a calm and regulated resignation to the will of Providence, as accident has turned a longed-for dainty out of its course, or made it pass by hurriedly, never to return, or by some awkward little fatality has well-nigh snatched it from our lips. Was it not at the board of

Bibulus, host as he is of the educated palate, who sent again for that dish of quails, treated after a doctrine expounded to him by the inimitable Carême himself—the divinest mixture—that the dish, alack! came to me, with all the rich matter drained away, and a solitary arid stump of the bird derelict in the middle? A bitter trial! The premature falling short of the green peas is a sore chastening too. See, too, what a school for noble self-abnegation and training of the will. Greedy, impatient souls, rough untamed diners, will fasten on the first toothsome dish, and spend their whole energies on the earlier contingent of the feast. Exhausted, then, and prostrate through this foolish lack of economy of appetite, they lie there, spent and incapable, before the battle is half won. I have seen many such awful instances, which should be taken to heart by the young and unwary.

This hints to me to improve the occasion by setting out in this place a short Irish legend, which comes in with a singular *à propos*.

Two Irish judges were proceeding on that solemn biennial progress called circuit, through certain wild districts of the country, and weary with hanging, and the milder forms of punishment, found a certain agreeable solace in the prospect of a grand pastoral dinner, which the Catholic archbishop of the diocese had fixed for the following Sunday, in their honour. It is astonishing what a gratification the judicial mind found in anticipating this treat, it being well understood that such archiepiscopal symposia, though a little in the rough, are based on all that is sound, substantial, and of the best. No refinements of cooking were to be looked for, but there would be ample atonement in the shape of all that was primest in the range of joint and fowl and succulent produce of the earth. On the day appointed, the judicial minds repaired to the banquet, full of hope and noble aspiration, and sat down on the archiepiscopal right and left respectively, flanked by twelve clergymen of the diocese. The judicial minds were helped to soup; but, curious to say, a thin, watery fluid. The fact was, there had been a miscarriage in the soup; such accidents will happen; and the delicate culinary tissues will break down under the strain of a heavy archiepiscopal dinner. Such are very pardonable, and to be excused by generous minds. Fish? What a miscarriage in the fish, too. This looks serious. There was here a carelessness not quite so excusable. In a fishing country, my lord archbishop, not far from those prolific streams of the west, such *laches* is culpable. But let it pass, the rest will atone. First cover: a pale-blue fowl, very leggy and sinewous, unmated, in a solitude all his own: a melancholy, blighted bird. Second cover: a dwindled dappled mixture, undefinable, but which, on private archiepiscopal information, was discovered to be calf's head. The judicial minds were now quite dazed. A small cube of bacon, with some other light matter, filled in the flanks, and made the banquet symmetrical. Such blank faces could

not be imagined. From that moment their faith in archiepiscopal catering was cast down and shivered to atoms. It was with a melancholy desperation that one judicial mind, seeing his hopes thus shipwrecked, sent again for the calf's head, and made shift to dine off that delicacy. Remnants of the azure bird, of the cube of bacon—portions of which did unaccountably seem to survive the powers of the twelve clergymen—were carried out, and the field cleared for a second course. Yet mark what a second course! Enter first familiar, staggering under a superb piece of beef, golden in its fat, unctuous in its juices, which is set down in the place of honour due to knighted persons. Him follows a trio of ducklings, redolent, acceptable to the nostrils, hinting while yet afar off of exquisite mysteries of stuffing hidden away under that—is it not called, technically, the skirt? whom follows lamb—a matchless fore-quarter—tender infant, ward of sheep's chancery, with other dainties not to be particularised. Ah! wary twelve clergymen, ye had foreknowledge of this abnormal dispensation, and barely tickled the appetite with those earlier delicacies. But for that luckless judicial mind who had so rashly leaped at foregone conclusions, who had let, so to speak, all his apartments to poor unremunerative lodgers, and was now obliged to turn away from the door a crowd of profitable tenants, really desirable persons, how was it with him? Ill-omened calf's head!

Neither can I join in stigmatising these barbaric feasts, where those of one sex exclusively meet together, and are joyous. They have sent their squaws up-stairs, and the souls of the chieftains are glad. Why should not those who have laboured all day long in the heats of the parliament and the courts where law is fought for, and who have now returned home with strings of scalps at their waists—why should not they meet together, and read and unfold to each other their prowess and deeds of glory? I like this herding together in a strong band—say twenty-two—of the "worthier blood," as Mr. Justice Blackstone puts it—this agglomeration of black coats, this rank and file of the one dark uniform. I observe always that there is a broader freedom, less of that civilised restraint which the company of the finer clay of mankind induces. Where note, too, that the most incorrigible vituperators of these feasts of the heroes are to be found among that excluded sex—among the heroes' own wives, sisters, mothers, and cousins. In such quarters language unbecomingly strong is used in reference to these harmless revels. Is this to be set to the account of an unworthy jealousy, this too rigid enforcement of a dining Salic law, or to a return home of the noisy truants far in the night, stimulated by rare and costly fluids, and inconveniently noisy?—or could it be, if a broader reciprocity should spring up, and they were privileged to meet in a corresponding revelry, this practice would meet with a gentler toleration? It is hard to disentangle the mingled yarn of motives twisted in female bosoms. What I relish in it



is the savage state and assumption of the thing—these twenty-two haughty lords of creation being waited on so obsequiously in the Eastern manner by slaves. I even accept, as a gratifying tribute to my sovereignty, that gentle propulsion of the soft leathern chair (padded at the back, mark you, and gliding on castors) by an unseen bondman as I take my seat. I am commander of the faithful, and temporary satrap. I luxuriate and grow wanton on my dignity, and feel tempted to clap my hands when I want my slaves to appear.

But commend me, 'fore all the shapes which this delectable form of entertainment may take, to the more contracted area and selecter few, to the snowy circus which spreads out within the plaisance of the Round Table. Within that witches' ring lies true dining felicity. The party of three, of four, or stretch it even to five—free tongues, youth—yes, above all, youth—no superfluity or overloading of viands,—these are the fitting elements. When young Wenham Lake Smith asks me home in a "domestic humdrum way—the old thing, you know"—as he puts it, I am glad; for I do know what "the old thing" means. If I happen to be bound hand and foot to a barbaric feast of the heroes, I contrive to be taken ill suddenly—only, however, in relation to the barbaric feast. I know that Wenham Lake Smith and Mrs. Wenham Lake Smith keep the daintiest little ménage in the world, that their mutual relations have not as yet suffered by that sad conjugal wear and tear, that the bloom is still on the nuptial rye, that they are not as yet entered in the great Sahara of sameness and reacting ennui. He has a little bijou of a service, *white* Dresden with white candlesticks shown off by red candles, and flowers, and choice ornaments. Choicest of all is Mrs. Wenham Lake Smith. When, therefore, he bids me, I am glad. I know, again, that both are not above a little cooking, and have each a *spécialité* for a particular dish. I know that we shall be served on purely Russian principles, but on a miniature Tom Thumb Muscovite principle, and that our eyes shall rest on crystallised fruits from the first scene to the end. I know that there will be present another gentleman not old, yet scarcely young, but youngish, of the clubs, clubby, of the world, worldish; a lady, not youngish, but young; a cousin perhaps, of hers,—and we are then complete. I know, too, that the other gentleman, not young, but youngish, a dried, well-saved man, with an imperial who should, according to the laws of colour, be grey, but, curiously enough, is not, will presently flash, and sparkle, and rebound, squib-like, from edge to edge of that small dining circus, becoming a temporary prandial thing of beauty and joy for ever. Not by any means a man of anecdote, a man of histories and travels, who, at best, are a tedious sort of people; anything in the shape of monologue or recitation, or talk monopoly, being distasteful in the highest degree. No, at the dispersion of our elements I often cannot recollect a single

legend told, but there remains upon the intellectual palate a taste as of many good things said—of things, it may be accidents, rising naturally out of the forward progress of dining events, being taken up and placed in lights irresistibly comic, and being bandied about—the very shuttlecocks of bons mots—from side to side, not suffered to drop for a good spell. We have no liking for your "remarkably well informed person." We don't want his stories or his information.

### THE ENGLISHMAN IN BENGAL.

WHEN a very distinguished diplomatist once suggested some very obvious and useful changes in the department over which he presided, he was met by the reply that though his suggestions were admirable, and the reforms called for, they would not be approved by the "Office."

It is a very singular fact that, go where you will in our public service; take the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, step into the "Colonial," or the Board of Trade; and you will find that there is a spirit of bureaucracy strong enough to resist reformation, and perfectly capable of baffling the best-intentioned reformer who ever engaged in the correction of abuse. Is it that as a people we are over-enterprising and adventurous? Are we inherently rash, headstrong, and uncalculating? Do we rush madly into speculations, and are we so much the sport of our temerity that we need all the obstructive watchfulness of our "departments" to save us from our rashness? This certainly is not the way in which foreigners would depict us, nor are these precisely the traits they would ascribe to the "nation of shopkeepers."

Whatever and how great may be our shortcomings, it would be hard to say that we are not a patient people. We saw our soldiers half starved, and our ships half rotten; we read of the most shameful frauds by contractors, and dreadful shipwrecks in unworthy transports; and yet, when the Office assured us that all precaution was exercised and all system observed, not an order unattended to nor a voucher missing, we accepted our misfortunes as inevitable, and persuaded ourselves that the infliction was one against which human sagacity was powerless to compete.

There was, however, one condition of our fortunes which we never felt disposed to concede to the Office. Whenever, from non-success at home, the pressure of unlooked-for calamity, or any of those reverses which sap prosperity, we were driven to emigrate, to seek out life in a new colony, we little brooked interference or dictation. As pioneers in the bush, or diggers in the mines, we insisted on the free use of our thews and sinews, and proclaimed that, however drilled and marshalled in the old country, we expected in the new to be left to the untrammelled employment of our resources. Indeed, it is to the exercise of this individual energy that we owe our national success in



colonisation. It is essentially to the great freedom from restraint that we are indebted for those proud results which have placed England far in advance of all European nations in the skill of colonising.

While the French organise, arrange, plan, and systematise, we settle. While with them years are wasted in preparing the ground-plan of civilisation we run up the whole edifice: not very architectural always, but enough for our purpose, and an excellent shelter until we have time to build better. No one will presume to say that our system has not its disadvantages; all we assert is, that it suits our people, is well adapted to their ways and habits, and has had immense success. It is only fair to add that our governing powers have wisely adapted themselves to the exigencies of the situation, and by forbearance have avoided many of the grave embarrassments that a spirit of meddling interference had been certain to create.

While we can point to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand as proud illustrations of our system, how can we explain the fact that the richest and greatest of our possessions, India, should be the marked exception—India, the traditional land of wealth to all fortunate enough to be engaged in her service; India, whose resources appealed to every form of enterprise, not alone inviting the merchant and the trader, but holding out vast promises of gain to the man of capital and the agriculturist?

It is true that the charter of the East India Company gave them absolute power in excluding settlements—a power which, rightfully or wrongfully, they believed essential to the maintenance of their rule, and of which their servants never hesitated to declare the absolute necessity. Thus, in 1775, Mr. Francis asserted in a formal minute “that Europeans in Bengal, beyond the number the service of the government required, are a useless weight, and an embarrassment to the government and an injury to the country, and that they are people to whom no encouragement should be given.” Later on, we have Lord Cornwallis assured by the Company, that licenses to go to India should not exceed five or six, or at most ten, in the year! And so recently as 1818 we find an elaborate remonstrance to Mr. Canning, from certain agents of the Company, to restrict those licenses, setting forth that “British residents in India were too prone to assert what they conceive to be their constitutional and indefeasible rights, were disposed to a leaning towards each other, and a common jealousy of the authority of government.”

This was the traditional policy of the Company, and it survived the Company in the prejudices and instincts of her civil servants. When, by the expiration of the lease, the East India Company's rule was terminated, the old agents of her policy still remained: the rancour of their prejudices only the more embittered by the change thus forced upon them. The English despot in the East now saw himself, for the first time in his life, beneath the control of the parliament and face to face with public opinion;

he saw, besides, his social ascendancy menaced in a land where he had never before acknowledged an equal, and where the right of the new settler to establish himself was now as unimpeachable as his own. They could no longer be excluded; it only remained, therefore, to discourage them from coming, and to harass them when they did come. How perfectly this system has been carried out, how skilfully devised and successfully effected, there is at this moment an instance before us in the case of the indigo planters of Bengal.

The indigo culture, though subject to all the vicissitudes of climate, and eminently critical in many of its details, was supposed to be so remunerative as to attract the attention of English capitalists in India, and to induce them to speculate largely in it. From time immemorial, this cultivation has been carried on in one way. The ryot, or peasant, borrows on the security of the coming crop, whatever is required for the tillage. He is miserably poor, and has neither carts nor bullocks, nor the implements of agriculture, unless he borrows funds to purchase them; and even for the very seed he must mortgage his industry. The usurious Indhājūn, or native merchant and money-lender, to whom he has recourse, charges him most iniquitously for everything—frequently cent per cent is exacted—so that the ryot's condition is hopelessly wretched. In the words of one who has described his state, “he is housed and fed, and nothing more.”

The English settler in India found this system in operation, and, however injurious both to proprietor and peasant, saw how difficult it would be to change it. The ryot had always lived by means of advances, and it was not possible, even if prejudices had permitted it, at once to abrogate the mode of life he had inherited from his fathers. It could, however, be modified and improved; the loan could be rendered less onerous; timely aid could be afforded in seasons of pressure or distress; due allowance made for years of failure. These were all within the power of the new settler, who brought to his enterprise not only the wealth of the capitalist but the clear intelligence of a man of business, and who thoroughly appreciated the greater security for property and the better remuneration for outlay, that will accrue where the labourer is neither debased by servitude nor enslaved by misery. Schools, workshops, hospitals—all the blessings, in fact, of a Western civilisation—now arose in what had once been the lair of the wild-boar or the tiger, and the gentle beneficence that graces the happy homes of our English life might be seen dispensing its blessings among the dark sons of the East. The planter's home has not only its well-earned reputation for a generous and graceful hospitality; but as the centre of those daily charities by which, far more than by legislation, the humbler classes are drawn to love and respect their brethren above them.

Still, as we have said, the improver could not do all. The unhappy system of advances was the

"peculiar institution," which he could not help accepting, and could only modify by his use of it. In doing this, however, he established a glaring contrast between the native planter and himself: a contrast which Eastern jealousy could little brook, and which Eastern subtlety would soon seek to avenge. These men, Zemindars, are landed native gentry. It has been the latter-day policy of our rulers in India to conciliate them, fully as much as to discourage and discountenance the English settler. With all an Oriental's cunning, they studied to make the position of the planter untenable; insubordination was excited amongst the ryots, the spirit of litigation was fostered, agents were sent amongst them with pretended stories of rights of which they were defrauded and gross hardships to which they were subjected. Poverty has sharp ears for its imputed wrongs, and it was not a difficult task to make these poor peasants imagine themselves injured and aggrieved. They were told, among other things, that indigo was only remunerative to the capitalist, and was ruinous to the peasant; and that rice, the food of the people, was the only crop that repaid labour. Former tales of cruelties, stories of oppression in days long past, were raked up against men not born when the acts occurred.

To make these atrocities matter of accusation against men in our day would be about as fair as to arraign the present landlords of Ireland for the barbarous illegalities practised in the middle of the last century. The English settler in India was, however, to be discouraged. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal proceeded in the year just elapsed, to institute a commission of inquiry into the cultivation and manufacture of indigo in Bengal. A brief acquaintance with such commissions enables any one, from the name and character of the individuals composing it, to anticipate the report. Let us quote two of the recommendations, and leave them to the appreciation of our readers. By one, they advise that no indigo planter should ever be an honorary magistrate—pretty much like declaring that the only squire in the parish shall not be a justice of the peace. By another, they decide that no summary legislative enactment is required for the planter's protection. And this where twenty-four hours may jeopardise a crop worth tens of thousands of pounds. A cheap and easy redress, however, would facilitate British settlement in India.

The schism which now threatens the disruption of the North American Union is pregnant with the gravest consequences to our own manufacturers. There is no limit to the disastrous results to ourselves, that would ensue from a failure in the supply of cotton. The soil and climate and labour of India would furnish not alone all the cotton that we need, but enough for the consumption of the whole of Europe. English intelligence, capital, and enterprise, would not long delay to develop the new field. The railroads now planned or in progress offer further facilities for the project. Everything in the material condition of India is highly favour-

able to it. But if the English settler in India can be surrounded with embarrassments by the civil servants of the administration, if his property can be jeopardised, and the operations of his industry interfered with, is it likely or unlikely that British capitalists will subject themselves and their fortunes to the capricious wisdom of a lieutenant-governor of Bengal?

### EPISCOPACY IN THE ROUGH.

It is only quite of late that the attention of the English people has been turned to the Pacific side of America. There was a kind of vague feeling of Indians, sands, big rocks, buffaloes, pine forests, bears, and the Hudson's Bay Company out there, but nothing more. English pluck was equal to Toronto and Quebec; but the Far West—Vancouver's Island, Columbia, and all that wide region of the Hudson's Bay—remained in illimitable shadow, and appalled even the hardy. The Company did their best to keep up the delusion. According to them, the place was sterile, full of wolves and desert plains and wicked Indians; an inhospitable shore, on a par with Labrador, worth no one's visiting; certainly worth no one's attempt to colonise. This might have gone on for generations yet to come—as long, indeed, as the monopoly could be renewed, or the tide of emigration kept out—but for the lucky chance which one day discovered certain round, bright, shining particles, called by men gold. This discovery brought crowds of worshippers to the shrine, and broke down the hedges of the Company's garden of the Hesperides. The quiet valleys were invaded by crowds from all parts of the world; Chinamen jostled Indians round the cradles of the gold-washers; South Americans bandied oaths and pistol-shots with New Yorkers and Londoners; the restless said that there was no elbow-room left in California, and a man could not mark out a "claim" in the Australian diggings without running into his neighbour's hole; and the scum of the floating populations drafted off on the top of the tide: Vancouver's Island was made to go through the same social phase as the valley of the Sacramento and the gold region of the Southern Land had gone through before.

And what did these adventurers find? How far true were the reports and superstitions which the Company had spread about, that it might preserve the monopoly of furs, and keep out all other men from a trade in beaver skins and mink? A climate very nearly equal to that of England, only a little more moderate, having a Gulf stream of its own to make it so; a soil thick, loamy, fertile, producing most of our English fruits and flowers, perhaps a trifle bettered; apple-trees yielding enormous crops, and hops and hemp growing wild; turnips as large as hassocks, radishes as large as beets, and great clusters of potatoes to a single stalk; abundance of coal to the very surface; a fine land for all sorts of grain; furry creatures with costly skins; fisheries inexhaustible, and game

of all kinds; magnificent timber, excellent breeding-grounds for cattle; bears truly, and Indians, and tremendous rains, and a want of hands to work the ground, but capabilities of all kinds, agricultural and commercial, and an evident future before the colony: this was the true state of the country which had been so dismally represented: these the fruits found behind those terrible hedges set up to keep in what was in, and to keep out what was out, that the beavers and martens and minks and sables might go through only one net—that of the Hudson's Bay Company—and no skins be dropped on the highway for stragglers.

After the discovery of gold, the whole face of things was changed. A full flow of emigration set in, carrying all sorts of people with it, good and bad indifferently; and where the land had been dead and barren for want of human life, it now became burdened and oppressed by excess. The virtues practised there were not of the most primitive character; and it was felt that if the "untutored heathen" were to be reclaimed from their vices, it must be by a somewhat purer agency than the hideous influence of these lawless godless whites, only occupied in digging up the earth for gold. It was resolved to erect Columbia into a bishopric at once, that the teaching of the Church might be made under proper authority, and the Mother be seated in her chair from the beginning. A lady, whose wealth is only equalled by her munificence, and who has already founded two other colonial bishoprics, came forward with twenty-five thousand pounds, which she laid down as the nucleus of the English episcopal establishment in Columbia. That lady is Miss Burdett Coutts; the new bishop, the youngest of the prelatic body, is Dr. Hills, formerly rector of Great Yarmouth, and in a singular manner well fitted for his position—one of the muscular, Livingstonian men given to doing, not to talking only, and trusting as much to practice as to precept. "He is a real man, he does not only soil his episcopal knees by praying, but uses his hands and works," said a friend of his, emphatically; a graphic touch worth whole pages of elaborate description. He had need be such a man, for he has rough work before him; and, if he feared to dirty his hands, the very purpose and aim of his life there would be frustrated. The luxuries of civilisation are not very plentiful about him at home or abroad. His episcopal palace is a small wooden hut, the outer door of which opens into his sitting-room; there is no hall or passage; so, when people knock he answers the door himself, and in this way dispenses with puce-coloured plush and powder. Victoria—Vancouver's Island—where this luxurious palace is to be found, is, says the bishop, "the most lovely and beautifully situated place in the world. In the summer it must be exquisite; there is every sort of scenery, sublime mountains, placid sea, noble forest trees, undulating park-like glades, interspersed with venerable oaks, inland lakes and rivers abounding with fish. The climate is thoroughly English, a little milder."

Things are dearer there yet than in England; servants and house-rent are high; meat is extravagant, so is butter, so is all wearing apparel; tea and sugar are cheap, and excisable articles escape the well-known brand. A great trade is to be done in fishing; and here Dr. Hills is eminently qualified to speak, for he learnt all about this subject at Great Yarmouth:

"A famous trade might be done in this country in herrings; they are plentiful beyond measure. The present catchers are Indians, who go out and scoop them in along shore with nets and boats. If they were to go farther out they would get larger ones. As it is, many they catch there are as large as those at Yarmouth. One gentleman has turned to curing them, and he makes four hundred per cent. of his outlay. There would be a vast market all down the coast of the Pacific. Wood, for curing, is of course in great plenty. There are several other kinds of fish—sturgeon and salmon, for instance. This latter, of the finest description, you can have daily for a mere song—twopence or threepence a pound. These are cured also. I will welcome any fishermen who will come out with introductions, and can promise them a lucrative business."

On the mainland the scenery is exquisite. The Fraser river—navigable for steamers for a hundred miles, but with a tremendous barrier of sand and surf at the mouth—is studded with islands; so, indeed, is the sea "a very archipelago of islands," offering lovely subjects for the artist—who has never gone to sketch them. There are mountains glacier clad, little streams and rivers rising in all directions, and, above all, mighty forests of pines, some four hundred feet in height, and of corresponding girth. The bishop is very graphic on the subject of trees. It is only fair to let him speak of them in his own words:

"Every wind brings down many trees. The fall of a tree is like the report of a cannon. There are huge trees in all stages of decay, some standing erect without a leaf and without bark, others on the ground. I have stepped upon what seemed the firm trunk of a large tree, and my foot sank in, and split open the soft body almost as pulp. One trunk lay its long length of some one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of five, entirely rotten, but complete in shape, and a row of young trees growing upon the old one—not shoots, but new trees. The whole soil for a considerable depth is vegetable substance, very rich, thus continually renewed, and sending forth with rapid growth a vigorous supply of young trees. The forest is the settler's enemy. He tries to get rid of it in every way. In the autumn fires are lighted round and inside the trees, and they will burn for days, and then come down with a crash. The fall of a tree is a fine sight, I may say impressive. Two men will take a day for some of the largest. They use their axes with great precision. Every stroke tells, and they can lay the tree in any direction they please. They cut behind and before; the side on which the tree



is to fall has the lower cut. When the time comes there is a crack, then a quivering of the mighty thing to the topmost twig, which is up in the clouds almost, then slowly and reluctantly it moves over—crack, crack—on, on—and down terribly on the earth; and again, in settling, it strikes and beds itself, and the branches stand up like arms, and shake convulsively, as in the agonies of death: and then the giant is still, and the vacant sky is seen through where for ages he has proudly stopped the light and warmth of heaven's orb from the earth beneath."

Besides the felling of trees, the bishop has had to cut down a few prejudices, and those gigantic weeds of life, misrepresentations, which need keener axes than your pines and oaks. The idea of a bishop engendered the not illogical idea of a state Church and its corresponding taxes, and when Dr. Hills arrived, he found the papers full of warfare about the "attempt" to have a "state Church." It took a good deal to calm this agitation and satisfy the non-episcopalian citizens that they had not stepped into taxes, tithes, church-rates, pew-rates, and Easter offerings, as necessary adjuncts of their existence. In other things, too, the bishop has come out in a large, generous, free-handed way. There are many negroes in the island, and the Americans of course are unanimous in demanding that they shall be put to worship God in a separate place. The same roof must not echo to negro prayers and American supplications; and God must not be insulted by the mingling together of His white children and His black. Of course, too, the American ministers have given in to this demand; so have some others—Romanists, Congregationalists, and Methodists—who ought to have known better. One independent minister, however, upheld the English and Christian sentiment of union and brotherhood; but he was thrown over by his masters, the British Colonial Missionary Society, and the bishop, who stands no nonsense, recorded the fact scathingly. This led to a disturbance amongst the denominations at home, and has recently drawn out severe resolutions from the worthy society, denouncing the very Mr. M'Fye whom they had previously upheld.

One very instructive lesson is taught by these mixed mission-places—the greater liberality of what it pleases people to call "the heathen," than of the different sects of the Christian Church itself. Here, in Victoria, a Chinese merchant, a Mr. Quong-Hing, gave ten pounds, and then five pounds, towards the erection of two Christian and episcopal churches. The Roman Catholics were forward in the mission. The Sisters of Mercy being the only educators of girls, and their bishop, Demas, having the only well organised schools. Most of the better class youth of the town attended, Protestant as well as Catholic. The Americans greatly value education, and above all English education, which is more substantial and less superficial than their own, and our English bishop desired to see the education of the youth taken out of these dan-

gerous hands, and put under the care of English Protestantism. In this he has greatly prospered, having founded two colleges, with such a combination of learning that even Jews are delighted in having their boys taught Hebrew by the Christian professor.

The Chinese are flowing into Vancouver's Island and the mines by thousands. They are peaceably conducted, as a rule; funny, rather immoral, full of good humour, and very friendly. They respect the English much, and are the universal clothes-washers everywhere. "At one place I came to a pretty bridge over a river," writes the bishop. "It had been built by a Chinaman named Ah Soo. He takes the tolls. On our approach he ran forward with cool waters to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge: 'No English pay over de bridgee and no poor Chinaman. Me makee no chargee to de English; me chargee Boston man' (American). 'Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Californy—Chinaman now chargee Boston man—ha! ha!'" But indeed strangely mixed are the populations of these new towns. In Douglas, a "rising town on the route to the upper mines," there were eight coloured men, twenty-nine Mexicans and Spaniards, thirty-seven Chinese, sixteen French and Italians, four men from Central, and four from Northern Europe, seventy-three citizens of the United States, and thirty-five British subjects: two hundred and six souls in all. Of these, two hundred and four were males, and two females; and one of those females was a child. The miners are in a sadly destitute state so far as opportunities for spiritual culture are concerned. They have no churches, no clergy—or at least had not, till the bishop sent them two Church of England clergymen,—and some of them have not heard a prayer, or attended public service, for ten or fourteen years. They have no sinecure of it, these hard-worked Columbia miners. The want of all roads makes their labour doubly severe, and their gains have never been so exorbitant as to compensate them for what they must have undergone. The average earnings have not exceeded one hundred a year since 1858, when mining first began in Columbia, and the average cost of living has been sixty pounds for each. Forty pounds, then, do not quite reward a man for the immense risk, toil, hardship, and suffering of such a career as the Columbia miner; and many have made even less. They are a fine hardy race of men, of all nations, but with a terrible lack of women, and other softening influences, among them. At the mines, the average is one woman to every two hundred men. It is not to be wondered at, then, if property is somewhat insecure, if morals are of the lowest, or if life is more rough than polished in such a society. How any way can be made is wonderful, considering the want of a central bond among such incongruous shifting materials. But the bishop seems to be setting his mark, and doing a notable work. The iron church and mission-house were taken out all safe, and it was a pretty sight to see the captain and crew,



mostly Yarmouth men, going up in a body like a great school, to hear their former rector. His old servant headed the procession, marching before them to show them the way; by no means an unnecessary precaution over roads with mud above the ankle. The church is now put up and is full to overflowing; so full, that the funds for another are being raised by subscription. The bishop has got nearly a thousand pounds towards it, including Mr. Quong-Hing's fifteen: by no means an unpromising beginning, even for a more settled society. We shall next hear of the Indians subscribing—if, indeed, they have not done so already—under the gentle persuasion of their white fathers. Dr. Hills is sanguine about the Indians, and other authors speak of them as useful servants, sometimes honest (only to their employer), and always serviceable and ingenious. They are hospitable when at home, and teachable when dwelling among the whites, courageous and intelligent, good-looking, with fine aquiline features, and, as guides, huntsmen, and fishermen, invaluable. They are notorious for their great power of locality: give an Indian a pencil and a sheet of paper and he will draw you a map of any country he may have passed through. Great gamblers, they are also great traders, and not easily taken in. In fact, they have all kinds of capabilities for civilisation, not omitting their love of strong drinks and finery—round hats and voluminous crifoline being common adjuncts now to red ochre and wampum—while other kindred vices, such as swearing and the like, attest their aptness of imitation, and their delight in the white man's ways. The men are universally employed, and get from ten to twelve shillings a week.

In a more recent letter of the bishop, he gives some very interesting particulars of a visit to an Indian village where Ilcochan, a chief known for his magnificent voice, took immense interest in what was said, and afterwards repeated it again to the people; the bishop hearing his loud clear voice explaining to the listening tribe all that their Father had told them in the morning. In the evening there was another meeting, which Dr. Hills must give in his own words: "Towards dusk, Indians began again to assemble. My two companions were gone to some distance, and I was alone with the Indians, who came up one after the other unobserved, except now and then when a greater glare from the fire revealed more faces. The Indian is stealthy in his movements. Amongst others who had come and taken a more prominent place, but wrapped this time in a blanket, was Ilcochan. I took my seat on a fallen tree in front of him; there was now a large gathering. I stood up and commenced devotions. Our talk was long; the evening grew darker; the fire blazed brighter. Ilcochan became very excited. He stood up, and with great vehemence and gesticulation, reiterated my words in Quayome. The scene was striking; my companions returned. As they approached they felt a slight alarm; they thought there was trouble, and were much relieved to

see me sitting in the midst of the circle watching Ilcochan. I was deeply interested, indeed, affected, to see the evident impression on these poor Indians. I was also eager to note the pantomime of gesture with which Ilcochan sought to move the spirits of his people."

During this visit the bishop asked how many children there were in the tribe. Two young men consulted together, then started off on the errand, Dr. Hills supposed, of counting the children; but presently, after a little more hesitation and consulting and evident perplexity, they returned, bringing back with them a crowd of Indians, each of whom held a child. The poor little dusky naked creatures had been dragged up out of bed to show themselves to the White Father who cared so much about them. What a picturesque, what a strange, presentation! When the bishop went away, every man and woman shook hands with him, and even the little copper-coloured papooses were brought to him to tender their tiny hands.

The bishop's latest expedition was to Barclay Sound, on the west coast, a bay of about twelve miles in width and twelve in depth, studded with several small islands; at the head of Barclay is a canal extending twenty miles; at the head of this canal is another bay about two miles in diameter. A London firm, James Thompson and Co., have already established a new settlement here for getting spars and timber out of the forest. This colony consists of forty persons, among whom are two "ladies"—all women here, the bishop remarks, claiming that title. Near the bay is the river Cleestachuitt. The banks of this river are lined with trees, rich grass, plants, &c. Noble trees cover the banks—Douglas pines from one to two hundred and fifty feet in height. The river swarms with all kinds of wild-fowl, ducks, geese, and salmon. A great many salmon are killed by the Indians for winter use; they stand up in the canoe, and either knock the fish on the head, or spear them. The Indians are a fine race. The women make oil, and cook, and make mats. Instead of boiling their food over the fire, they get square wooden boxes, in which they put the articles to be cooked; then they add water, which is made to boil by dropping red-hot stones into it. The lake Cleecot is five or six miles wide, and twenty-five miles in length. An Indian who had committed some crime was taken on board the Grappler, which happened to be cruising off the coast, and ordered to be flogged. His friends, who were on board, drew their knives, and seemed to meditate a rescue; and the wife of the captured Indian began to upbraid her husband for want of spirit. "Why don't you fight? Fight for the honour of your race and be a man! Die rather than be disgraced!" The aggrieved white man at last begged the Indian off; three chiefs then came forward with seal-skins as an atonement for the injury committed by their countryman. The tribes near Barclay Sound are almost the only tribes that have not imitated the vices of Europeans. Drunkenness is unknown here.

Dr. Hills believes that the Indians are fitted for Christianity and Civilisation. We string the words the other way; believing that Civilisation should come first. Savages may learn off a few names by heart, and may assent to a few circumstances which they accept as so many historic facts; but this kind of religion—the end and aim and crowning glory of a missionary's life—does no earthly good unless prefaced, supported, and vivified by civilisation. The Red man accepts Moses in the place of Hiawatha, and calls Kitchi Manitou by another name; but he must be taught the practical good of civilisation before he can possibly understand the real meaning of the Christianity he professes, or can judge of the superiority of the white man's law. It is a mistake to assume that the spiritual comes first; and that we can elevate a man's soul before enlightening his mind. We can teach him cant, but not truth, unless we build up from material foundations. After all, industrious and intelligent colonists are the best missionaries to the native "heathen." Example is the best teacher; intercourse, the best school. In the more special path of mission teaching, those men have had the greatest success who have been powerful, handy, common-sense men—enlightened citizens of the world rather than passionate and exclusive sectarians. Dr. Livingstone's manhood has done more for him than his mission-hood; so, we venture to say, will it prove with the courteous, practical, and earnest Christianity of the free-handed Bishop of Columbia.

But Columbia is not interesting only as a mission place; its chief value lies in its capabilities for successful colonisation, and the historical future before it. For all persons who can teach anything, for all handy persons, and men with nerve, courage, and strength; for small capitalists, who think twenty-five or thirty per cent a good investment; and for practical farmers; British Columbia affords admirable opening. Domestic servants, and all manner of female workers, can make their own terms there: from twenty to thirty-five—in the case of cooks, eighty—dollars a month, being the ordinary rate of wages. It is curious to notice the startling value of muscle in new countries. A drayman gets from fifty to seventy dollars per month; a hodman from two to three dollars a day; a bricklayer from five to seven; a blacksmith four dollars a day; with others in like ratio; great monetary respect being paid to well-developed thews and sinews. But any one who can do anything, will find a fair field and countless opportunities in Columbia, which seems to be a fine swarming place for our old overstocked hive at home.

Several harbour towns and islands bid fair to become of great ultimate importance. There is Nanaimo, on the north shore of an excellent harbour, backed by a range of hills some three thousand feet high, with a capital stock of salmon in the inland rivers and harbour, and such facilities for shipping coal, that a thousand tons a week may easily be removed: in fact, it is the seat of

the coal district, and a rapidly advancing town. Esquimalt Harbour, and Victoria, are of first-rate capacities for harbourage and building, but Victoria is less easy of access than Esquimalt, because of a light bar of sand across the mouth, passable only at certain tides. Other valleys and islands of great beauty and improbability wait the coming of the colonists who are to people them, and develop their resources.

## A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER XL.

THE two great figures I had seen looming through the fog while standing in the stream, I at last made out to be two horsemen, who seemed in search of some safe and fordable part of the stream to cross over. Their apparent caution was a lesson by which I determined to profit, and I stood a patient observer of their proceedings. At times I could catch their voices, but without distinguishing what they said, and suddenly I heard a plunge, and saw that one had dashed boldly into the flood, and was quickly followed by the other. If the stream did not reach to their knees, as they sat, it was yet so powerful that it tested all the strength of the horses and all the skill of the riders to stem it; and as the water splashed and surged, and as the animals plunged and struggled, I scarcely knew whether they were fated to reach the bank, or be carried down in the current. As they gained about the middle of the stream, I saw that they were mounted gendarmes, heavy men, with heavy equipments, favourable enough to stem the tide, but hopelessly incapable to save themselves if overturned. "Go back—hold in—go back! the water is far deeper here!" I cried out at the top of my voice; but either not hearing, or not heeding my warning, on they came, and, as I spoke, one plunged forward and went headlong down under the water, but, rising immediately, his horse struck boldly out, and, after a few struggles, gained the bank. The other, more fortunate, had headed up the stream, and reached the shore without difficulty.

With the natural prompting of a man towards those who had just overcome a great peril, I hastened to say how glad I felt at their safety, and from what intense fear their landing had rescued me; when one, a corporal, as his cuff bespoke, muttered a coarse exclamation of impatience, and something like a malediction on the service that exposed men to such hazards, and at the same instant the other dashed boldly up the bank, and with a bound placed his horse at my side, as though to cut off my retreat.

"Who are you?" cried the corporal to me, in a stern voice.

"A traveller," said I, trying to look majestic and indignant.

"So I see; and of what nation?"

"Of that nation which no man insults with impunity."

"Russia?"

"No; certainly not—England."

"Whence from last?"

"From Bregenz."

"And from Constance by Lindau?" asked he quickly, as he read from a slip of paper he had just drawn from his belt.

I assented, but not without certain misgivings, as I saw so much was known as to my movements.

"Now for your passport. Let me see it," said the corporal again. "Just so," said he, folding it up. "Travelling on foot, and marked 'suspected.'"

Though he muttered these words to his companion, I perceived that he cared very little for my having overheard them.

"Suspected of what, or by whom?" asked I, angrily.

Instead of paying any attention to my question, the two men now conversed together in a low tone and confidentially.

"Come," said I, with an assumed boldness, "if you have quite done with that passport of mine, give it to me, and let me pursue my journey."

So eager were they in their own converse, that this speech, too, was unheeded; and now, grown rasher by impunity and impatience, I stepped stoutly forward, and attempted to take the passport from the soldier's hand.

"Sturm und Gewitter!" swore out the fellow, while he struck me sharply on the wrist, "do you mean to try force with us?" And the other drew his sabre, and flourishing it over his head, held the point of it within a few inches of my chest.

I cannot imagine whence came the courage that now filled my heart, for I know I am not naturally brave, but I felt for an instant that I could have stormed a breach; and, with an insulting laugh, I said, "Oh, of course, cut me down. I am unarmed and defenceless. It is an admirable opportunity for the display of Austrian chivalry."

"Bey'm Henker! It's very hard not to slice off his ear," said the soldier, seeming to ask leave for this act of valour.

"Get out your cords," said the corporal; "we're losing too much time here."

"Am I a prisoner, then?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"I suspect you are, and likely to be for some time to come," was the gruff answer.

"On what charge—what is alleged against me?" cried I, passionately.

"What has sent many a better-looking fellow to Spielberg," was the haughty rejoinder.

"If I am your prisoner," said I, haughtily—"and I warn you at once of your peril in daring to arrest a British subject travelling peacefully—You are not going to tie my hands! You are not going to treat me as a felon!" I screamed out these words in a voice of wildest passion, as the soldier, who had dismounted for the purpose, was now proceeding to tie my wrists together with a stout cord, and in a

manner that displayed very little concern for the pain he occasioned me.

As escape was totally out of the question, I threw myself upon the last resource of the injured. I fell back upon eloquence. I really wish I could remember even faintly the outline of my discourse; for though not by any means a fluent German, the indignation that makes men poets converted me into a great master of prose, and I told them a vast number of curious, but not complimentary, traits of the land they belonged to. I gave, too, a rapid historical sketch of their campaigns against the French, showing how they were always beaten, the only novelty being whether they ran away or capitulated. I reminded them that the victory over me would resound through Europe, being the only successful achievement of their arms for the last half-century. I expressed a fervent hope that the corporal would be decorated with the "Maria Theresa," and his companion obtain the "valour medal," for what they had done. Pensions, I hinted, were difficult in the present state of their finances, but rank and honour certainly ought to await them. I don't know at what exact period of my peroration it was that I was literally "pulled up," each of the horsemen holding a line fastened to my wrists, and giving me a drag forward that nearly carried me off my feet and flat on my face. I stumbled, but recovered myself; and now saw that, bound as I was, with a gendarme on each side of me, it required all the activity I could muster to keep my legs.

Another whispered conversation here took place across me, and I thought I heard the words Bregenz and Feldkirch interchanged, giving me to surmise that they were discussing to which place they should repair. My faint hope of returning to the former town was, however, soon extinguished, as the corporal, turning to me, said, "Our orders are to bring you alive to head-quarters. We'll do our best; but if, in crossing these torrents, you prefer to be drowned, it's no fault of ours."

"Do you mean by that," cried I, "that I am to be dragged through the water in this fashion?"

"I mean that you are to come along as best you may."

"It is all worthy of you, quite worthy!" screamed I, in a voice of wildest rage. "You reserve all your bravery for those who cannot resist you—and you are right, for they are your only successes. The Turks beat you"—here they chuckled me close up, and dashed into the stream. "The Prussians beat you!" I was now up to my waist in water. "The Swiss beat you!" Down I went over head and ears. "The French always thrashed you"—down again—"at Ulm—Austerlitz—Aspern"—nearly suffocated, I yelled out, "Wagram!"—and down I went, never to know any further consciousness till I felt myself lying on the soaked and muddy road, and heard a gruff voice saying, "Come along—we don't intend to pass the night here!"



## CHAPTER XL.

BENUMBED, bedraggled, and bewildered, I entered Feldkirch late at night, my wrists cut with the cords, my clothes torn by frequent falls, my limbs aching with bruises, and my wet rags chafing my skin. No wonder was it that I was at once consigned from the charge of a gaoler to the care of a doctor, and ere the day broke I was in a raging fever.

I would not if I could preserve any memory of that grievous interval. Happily for me, no clear traces remain on my mind—pangs of suffering are so mingled with little details of the locality, faces, words, ludicrous images of a wandering intellect, long hours of silent brooding, sound of church bells and such other tokens as cross the lives of busy men in the daily walk of life, all came and went within my brain, and still I lay there in fever.

In my first return of consciousness I perceived I was the sole occupant of a long arched gallery, with a number of beds arranged along each side of it. In their uniform simplicity, and the severe air of the few articles of furniture, my old experiences at once recalled the hospital; not that I arrived at this conclusion without much labour and a considerable mental effort. It was a short journey, to be sure, but I was walking with sprained ankles. It was, however, a great joy and a great triumph to me to accomplish even this much. It was the recognition to myself that I was once more on the road to health, and again to feel the sympathies that make a brotherhood of this life of ours; and so happy was I with the prospect, that when I went to sleep at night my last thought was of the pleasure that morning was sure to bring me. And I was not disappointed; the next day, and the next, and several more that followed, were all passed in a calm and tranquil enjoyment. Looking back upon this period, I have often been disposed to imagine that when we lie in the convalescence that follows some severe illness, with no demands upon our bodily strength, no call made upon our muscular energies, the very activity of digestion not evoked, as our nourishment is of the simplest and lightest, our brain must of necessity exercise its functions more freely, untrammelled by passing cares or the worries incident to daily life, and that at such times our intellect has probably a more uncontested action than at any other period of our existence. I do not want to pursue my theory, or endeavour to sustain it, my reader has here enough to induce him to join his experience to my own, or reject the notion altogether.

I lay thus, not impatiently, for above a fortnight. I regained strength very slowly; the least effort or exertion was sure to overcome me. But I wished for none; and as I lay there, gazing for whole days long at a great coat of arms over the end of the gallery, where a huge double-headed eagle seemed to me screaming in the agony of strangulation, but yet never to be choked outright, I revelled in many a strange rambling as to the fate of the land of

which it was the emblem and the shield. Doubtless some remnant of my passionate assault on Austria lingered in my brain, and gave this turn to its operations.

My nurse was one of that sisterhood whose charities call down many a blessing on the Church that organises their benevolence. She was what is called a "graue Schwester;" and of a truth she seemed the incarnation of grey-ness. It was not her dress alone, but her face and hands, her noiseless gait, her undemonstrative stare, her half-husky whisper, and her monotonous ways, had all a sort of pervading greyness that enveloped her, just as a cloud mist wraps a landscape. There was besides a kind of fog-like indistinctness in her few and muttered words that made a fitting atmosphere of drowsy uniformity for the sick-room.

Her first care, on my recovery, was to supply me with a number of little religious books—lives of saints and martyrs, accounts of miracles, and narratives of holy pilgrimages—and I devoured them with all the zest of a devotee. They seemed to supply the very excitement my mind craved for, and the good soul little suspected how much more she was ministering to a love for the marvellous than to a spirit of piety. In the *Flowers of St. Francis*, for instance, I found an adventure seeker after my own heart. To be sure, his search was after sinners in need of a helping hand to rescue them, but as his contests with Satan were described as stand-up encounters, with very hard knocks on each side, they were just as exciting combats to read of, as any I had ever perused in stories of chivalry.

Mistaking my zest for these readings for something far more praiseworthy, "the grey sister" enjoined me very seriously to turn from the evil advisers I had formerly consorted with, and frequent the society of better-minded and wiser men. Out of these counsels, dark and dim at first, but gradually growing clearer, I learned that I was regarded as a member of some terrible secret society, banded together for the direst and blackest of objects; the subversion of thrones, overthrow of dynasties, and assassination of sovereigns being all labours of love to us. She had a full catalogue of my colleagues, from Sand, who killed Kotzebue, to Orsini, and seemed thoroughly persuaded that I was a very advanced member of the order. It was only after a long time, and with great address on my part, that I obtained these revelations from her, and she owned that nothing but witnessing how the holy studies had influenced me would ever have induced her to make these avowals. As my convalescence progressed, and I was able to sit up for an hour or so in the day, she told me that I might very soon expect a visit from the Staats Procurator, a kind of district attorney-general, to examine me. So little able was I to carry my mind back to the bygone events of my life, that I heard this as a sort of vague hope that the inquiry would strike out some clue by which I could connect myself with the past, for I was sorely puzzled to learn what and who I had been before I came there. Was



I a prosecutor or was I a prisoner? Never was a knotty point more patiently investigated, but, alas! most hopelessly. The intense interest of the inquiry, however, served totally to withdraw me from my previous readings, and "the grey sister" was shocked to see the mark in my book remain for days long unchanged. She took courage at length to address me on the subject, and even went so far as to ask if Satan himself had not taken occasional opportunity of her absence to come and sit beside my bed? I eagerly caught at the suggestion, and said it was as she suspected; that he never gave me a moment's peace, now, torturing me with menaces, now, asking for explanations, how this could be reconciled with that, and why such a thing should not have prevented such another?

Instead of expressing any astonishment at my confession, she appeared to regard it as one of the most ordinary incidents, and referred me to my books, and especially to St. Francis, to see that these were usual and every-day snares in use. She went further, and in her zeal actually showed a sort of contempt for the Evil One in his intellectual capacity that startled me; showing how St. Jude always got the better of him, and that he was a mere child when opposed by the craft of St. Anthony of Pavia.

"It is the truth," said she, "always conquers him. Whenever, by any chance, he can catch you concealing or evading, trying to make out reasons that are inconsistent, or affecting intentions that you had not, then, he is your master."

There was such an air of matter of fact about all she said, that when—our first conversation on this theme over—she left the room, a cold sweat broke over me at the thought that my next visitor would be the "Lebendige Satan" himself.

It had come to this, that I had furnished my own mind with such a subject of terror that I could not endure to be alone, and lay there trembling at every noise, and shrinking at every shadow that crossed the floor. Many and many times, as the dupe of my own deceivings, did I find myself talking aloud in self-defence, averring that I wanted to be good, and honest, and faithful, and that whenever I lapsed from the right path, it was in moments of erring reason, sure to be followed after by sincere repentance.

It was after an access of this kind, "the grey sister" found me one morning bathed in cold perspiration, my eyes fixed, my lips livid, and my fingers fast knotted together.

"I see," said she, "he has given you a severe turn of it to-day. What was the temptation?"

For a long while I refused to answer; I was weak as well as irritable, and I desired peace, but she persisted, and pressed hard to know what subject we had been discussing together.

"I'll tell you, then," said I, fiercely, for a sudden thought, prompted perhaps by a sense of anger, flashed across me: "he has just told me that you are his sister."

She screamed out wildly, and, rushing to the end of the gallery, threw herself at the foot of a little altar.

Satisfied with my vengeance, I lay back and

said no more. I may have dropped into a half-slumber afterwards, for I remember nothing till, just as evening began to fall, one of the servants came up and placed a table and two chairs beside my bed, with writing materials and a large book, and shortly after two men dressed in black, and with square black caps on their heads, took their places at the table and conversed together in low whispers.

Resolving to treat them with a show of complete indifference, I turned away and pretended to go asleep.

"The Herr Staats Procurator Schlüssel has come to read the act of accusation," said the shorter man, who seemed a subordinate; "take care that you pay proper respect to the law and the authorities."

"Let him read away," said I, with a wave of my hand, "I will listen."

In a low, sing-song, dreary tone, he began to recite the titles and dignities of the Emperor. I listened for a while, but as he got down to the Banat and Herzegovine, sleep overcame me, and I dozed away, waking up to hear him detailing what seemed his own greatness, how he was "Ober" this and "Unter" that, till I fairly lost myself in the maze of his description. Judging from the monotonous, business-like persistence of his manner, that he had a long road before him, I wrapped myself comfortably in the bed-clothes, closed my eyes, and soon slept.

There were two candles burning on the table when I next opened my eyes, and my friend the procurator was reading away as before. I tried to interest myself for a second or two; I rubbed my eyes and endeavoured to be wakeful; but I could not, and was fast settling down into my former state, when certain words struck on my ear and aroused me:

"The well-born Herr von Rigges further denounces the prisoner Harpar—"

"Read that again," cried I, aloud, "for I cannot clearly follow what you say."

"The well-born Herr von Rigges," repeated he, "further denounces the prisoner Harpar as one of a sect banded together for the darkest purposes of revolution!"

"Forgive my importunity, Herr Procurator," said I, in my most insinuating tone, "but in compassion for the weakness of faculties sorely tried by fever, will you tell me who is Rigges?"

"Who is Rigges? Is that your question?" said he, slowly.

"Yes, sir; that was my question."

He turned over several pages of his voluminous report, and proceeded to search for the passage he wanted.

"Here it is," said he, at last; and he read out: "The so-called Rigges, being a well-born and not-the-less-from-a-mercantile-object-engaging pursuit highly-placed and much-honoured subject of her Majesty the Queen of England, of the age of forty-two years and eight months, unmarried, and professing the Protestant religion. Is that sufficient?"

"Quite so; and now, will you, with equal urbanity, inform me who is Harpar?"

"Who is Harpar? Who is Harpar? You surely do not ask me that?"

"I do; such is my question."

"I must confess that you surprise me. You ask me for information about yourself!"

"Oh, indeed! So that I am Harpar?"

"You can, of course, deny it. We are in a measure prepared for that. The proofs of your identity will be, however, forthcoming; not to add, that it will be difficult to disprove the offence."

"Ha, the offence! I'm really curious about that. What is the offence with which I am charged?"

"What I have been reading these two hours. What I have recited with all the clearness, brevity, and perspicuity that characterise our imperial and royal legislation, making our code at once the envy and admiration of all Europe."

"I'm sure of that. But, what have I done?"

"With what for a dulness-charged and much-becoloured intellect are you afflicted," cried he, "not to have followed the greatly-by-circumstances-corroborated and in-various-ways-by-proofs-brought-home narrative that I have already read out?"

"I have not heard one word of it!"

"What a deplorable and all-the-more-therfore-hopeless intelligence is yours! I will begin it once more." And with a heavy sigh he turned over the first pages of his manuscript.

"Nay, Herr Procurator," interposed I, hastily. "I have the less claim to exact this sacrifice on your part, that even when you have rendered it, it will be all fruitless and unprofitable. I am just recovering from a severe illness. I am, as you have very acutely remarked, a man of very narrow and limited faculties in my best of moments, and I am now still lower in the scale of intelligence. Were you to read that lucid document till we were both grey-headed, it would leave me just as uninformed as to imputed crime as I now am."

"I perceive," said he, gravely. Then, turning to his clerk, he bade him write down, "'And the so-called Harpar having duly heard and with decorously-lent attention listened to the foregoing act, did thereupon enter his plea of mental incapacity and derangement.'"

"Nay, Herr Procurator, I would simply record that, however open to follow some plain narrative, the forms and subtleties of a legal document only bewilder me."

"What for an ingeniously-worded and with-artifice-cunningly-conceived excuse have we here?" exclaimed he, indignantly. "Is it from England, with her seventeen hundred and odd volumes of an incomplete code, that the imperial and royal government is to learn legislation? You are charged with offences that are known to every state of civilisation: highway assault and molestation—attack with arms and deadly implements, stimulated by base and long-heretofore and with-bitterness-imagined plans of vengeance on your countryman and former associate, the so-named Rigges. From him, too, proceeds the information as to your political

character, and the ever-to-be-deplored and only-with-blood-expiated error of republicanism by which you are actuated. This brief but not-the-less-on-that-account lucid exposition, it is my duty first to read out and then leave with you. With all your from-a-wrong-impulse-proceeding and a-spirit-of-opposition-suggested objections, I have no wish nor duty to meddle. The benign and ever-paternal rule under which we live, gives even to the most-with-accusation-surrounded and with-strong-presumption-implicated prisoner, every facility of defence. Having read and matured this indictment, you will, after a week, make choice of an advocate."

"Am I to be confronted with my accuser?"

"I sincerely hope that the indecent spectacle of insulting attack and offensive rejoinder thus suggested, is unknown to the administration of our law."

"How then can you be certain that I am the man he accuses of having molested him?"

"You are not here to assail, nor I to defend, the with-ages-consolidated and by-much-tact-accumulated wisdom of our imperial and royal code."

"Might he not say, when he saw me, 'I never set eyes on this man before?'"

He turned again to his clerk, and dictated something of which I could but catch the concluding words—"And thereby imputing perjury to the so-called Rigges."

It was all I could do to repress an outburst of anger at this unjustifiable system of inference, but I did restrain myself, and merely said, "I impute nothing, Herr Procurator; I simply suggest a possible case, that everything suffered by Rigges was inflicted by some other than I."

"If you had accomplices, name them," said he, solemnly.

This overcame all my prudent resolves. I was nowise prepared for such a perversity of misconception, and losing all patience and all respect for his authority, I burst out into a most intemperate attack on Austria, her code, her system, her ignorant indifference to all European enlightenment, her bigoted adherence to forms either unmeaning or pernicious, winding up all with a pleasant prediction that in a few short years the world would have seen the last of this stolid and unteachable empire.

Instead of deigning a reply, he merely bent down to the table, and I saw by the movement of his lips and the rapid course of the clerk's pen, that my statement was being reduced to writing.

"When you have completed that," said I, gravely, "I have some further observations to record."

"In a moment—in a moment," patiently responded the procurator; "we have only got to the besotted stupidity of her pretentious officials."

The calm quietude of his manner as he said this threw me into a fit of laughter, which lasted several minutes.

"There, there," said I, "that will do; I will

keep the remainder of my remarks for another time and place."

"Reserving to himself," dictated he, "'the right of uttering still more bitter and untruthful comments on a future occasion.'" And the clerk wrote the words as he spoke them.

"You will sign this here," said he, presenting me with the pen.

"Nothing of the kind, Herr Procurator. I will not lend myself to any, even the most ordinary, form of your stupid system."

"And refuses to sign the foregoing," dictated he, in the same unmoved voice. This done, he arose and proceeded to draw on his gloves. "The act of allegation I now commit to your hands," said he, calmly, "and you will have a week to reflect upon the course you desire to adopt."

"One question before you go: Is the person called Rigges here at this moment, and can I see him?"

He consulted for a few seconds with his subordinate, and then replied: "These questions we are of opinion are irrelevant to the defence, and need not be answered."

"I only ask you, as a favour, Herr Procurator," said I.

"The law recognises no favours, nor accepts courtesies."

"Does it also reject common sense?—is it deaf to all intelligence?—is it indifferent to every appeal to reason?—is it dead to—"

But he would not wait for more, and having saluted me thrice profoundly, retired from the gallery, and left me alone with my indignation.

The great pile of paper still lay on the table next me, and in my anger I hurled it from me to the middle of the room, venting I know not what passionate wrath at the same time on everything German: "This the land of primitive simplicity and patriarchal virtues, forsooth! This the country of elevated tastes and generous instincts! Why, it is all Bureau and Barrack!" I went on for a long time in this strain, and I felt the better for it. The operative surgeons tell us that no men recover so certainly or so speedily after great operations as the fellows who scream out and make a terrible uproar. It is your patient, self-controlling creature who sinks under the suffering he will not confess; and I am confident that it is a wise practice to blow off the steam of one's indignation, and say all the most bitter things one can think of in moments of disappointment, and, so to say, prepare the chambers of your mind for the reception of better company.

After a while I got up, gathered the papers together, and prepared to read them. Legal amplifications and circumlocutions are of all lands and peoples; but for the triumph of this diffusiveness commend me to the Germans. To such an extent was this the case, that I reached the eighth page of the precious paper before I got finally out of the titular description of the vice-governor in whose district the event was laid. Armed, however, with heroic resolution, I persevered, and read on through the entire

night—I will not say without occasional refreshers in the shape of short naps—but the day was already breaking when I turned over the last page, and read the concluding little blessing on the Emperor under whose benign reign all good was encouraged, all evil punished, and the Hoch-gelehrter—Hoch wohl-geborener Herr der Hofrath, Ober Procurators-fiscal-Secretär, charged with the due execution of the present decree.

In the language of précis writing the event might be stated thus: "A certain Englishman, named Rigges, travelling by post, arrived at the torrent of Dornbirn a short time before noon, and while waiting there for the arrival of some peasants to accompany his carriage through the stream, was joined by a foot-traveller, by whom he was speedily recognised. Whatever the nature of the relations previously subsisting between them—and it may be presumed they were not of the most amicable—no sooner had they exchanged glances than they engaged in deadly conflict. Rigges was well armed; the stranger had no weapon whatever, but was a man of surpassing strength, for he tore the door of the carriage from its hinges, and dragged Rigges out upon the road before the other could offer any resistance. The postilion, who had gone to summon the peasants, was speedily recalled by the report of fire-arms; three shots were fired in rapid succession, and when he reached the spot it was to see two men struggling violently in the torrent, the stranger dragging Rigges with all his might towards the middle of the stream, and the other screaming wildly for succour. The conflict was a terrible one, for the foot-traveller seemed determined on self-destruction, if he could only involve the other in his own fate. At last Rigges's strength gave way, and the other threw himself upon him, and they both went down beneath the water.

"The stranger emerged in an instant, but one of the peasants on the bank struck him a violent blow with his ash pole, and he fell back into the stream. Meanwhile, the others had rescued Rigges, who lay panting, but unconscious, on the ground. They were yet ministering to his recovery when they heard a wild shout of derisive triumph, and now saw that the other, though carried away by the torrent, had gained a small shingly bank in the middle of the Rhine, and was waving his hat in mockery of them. They were too much occupied with the care of the wounded man, however, to bestow more attention on him. One of Rigges's arms was badly fractured, and his jaw also broken, while he complained still more of the pain of some internal injuries: so severe, indeed, were his sufferings that he had to be carried on a litter to Feldkirch. His first care on arriving was to denounce the assailant, whose name he gave as Harpar, declaring him to be a most notorious member of a "Rouge" society, and one whose capture was an object of European interest. In fact, Rigges went so far as to pretend that he had himself perilled life in the attempt to secure him.



"Detachments of mounted gendarmes were immediately sent off in pursuit, the order being to arrest any foot-traveller whose suspicious appearance might challenge scrutiny."

It is needless to say how much I appeared to fulfil the signs they sought for, not to add that the intemperance of my language, when captured, was in itself sufficient to establish a grave charge against me. It is true, there was in the act of allegation a lengthened description of me with which my own appearance but ill corresponded. I was described as of middle age, of a strong frame and muscular habit, and with an expression that denoted energy and fierceness. How much of that vigour must they imagine had been washed away by the torrent, to leave me the poor helpless-looking thing I now appeared!

I know it is a very weak confession, I feel as I make it how damaging to my character is the acknowledgment, and how seriously I compromise myself in my reader's estimation; but I cannot help owning that I felt very proud to be thought so wicked, to be classed with those Brutuses of modern history, who were scattering explosive shells like bonbons, and throwing grenades broadcast like "confetti" in a carnival. I fancied how that miserable Staats Procurator must have trembled in his inmost heart as he sat there in close proximity with such an infuriate desperado as I was. I hoped that every look, every gesture, every word of mine struck terror into his abject soul. It must also unquestionably do them good, these besotted, self-satisfied, narrow-minded Germans, to learn how an Englishman, a born Briton, regards their miserable system of government, and that poor and meagre phantasm they call their "civilisation." Well, they have had their opportunity now, and I hope they will make much of it.

As I pondered over the late incident as recorded in the allegation, I remembered the name of Rigges as that of the man Harpar mentioned as having "run" or escaped with their joint finances, and had very little difficulty in filling up the probable circumstances of their rencontre. It was easy to see how Rigges, travelling "extra-post," with all the appearance of wealth and station, could impute to the poor wayfarer any criminality he pleased. Cunningly enough, too, he had hit upon the precise imputation which was sure to enlist Austrian sympathies in the pursuit, and calling him a "Socialist and a Rouge" was almost sealing his fate at once. How glad I felt that the poor fellow had escaped, even though it cost me all the penalty of personating him; yes, I really was generous enough for that sentiment, though I perceive that my reader smiles incredulously as I declare it. "No, no," mutters he, "the arrant snob must not try to impose upon us in that fashion. He was trembling to the very marrow of his bones, and nothing was further from his thoughts than self-sacrifice or

devotion." I know your opinion of me takes this lively shape, I feel it, and I shrink under it; but I know, besides, that I owe all this depreciating estimate of me to nothing so much as my own frankness and candour. If my reader, therefore, scruples to accord me the merit of the generosity that I lay claim to, let him revel in the depreciating confession that I am about to make. I knew that when it was discovered I was not Harpar, I must instantly be set at liberty. I felt this, and could therefore be at any moment the arbiter of my own freedom. To do this, of course, would set in motion a search after the real delinquent, and I determined I would keep my secret till he had ample time to get away. When I had satisfied myself that all pursuit of him must be hopeless, I would declare myself to be Potts, and proudly demand my liberation.

My convalescence made now such progress that I was able to walk about the gallery, and indeed occasionally to stroll out upon a long terrace which flanked the entire building, and gaze upon a garden, beyond which again I could see the town of Feldkirch and the open Platz in which the weekly market was held. By the recurrence of these—they always fell upon a Saturday—was I enabled to mark time, and I now reckoned that three weeks had gone over since the day of the Herr Procurator's visit, and yet I had heard nothing more of him, nor of the accusation against me. I was seriously thinking whether my wisest plan might not be to take French leave and walk off, when my gaoler came one morning to announce that I was to be transferred to Innsbruck, where, in due course, my trial would take place.

"What if I refuse to go?" said I; "what if I demand my liberation here on the spot?"

"I don't imagine that you'd delay your journey much by that, my good friend," said he; "the Imperial and Royal Government takes little heed of foolish remonstrances."

"What if the Imperial and Royal Government, in the plenitude of its sagacity, should be in the wrong? What if I be not the person who is accused of this crime? What if the real man be now at liberty? What if the accuser himself will declare, when he sees me, that he never met me before, nor so much as heard of me?"

"Well, all that may happen; I won't say it is impossible, but it cannot occur here, for the Herr Von Rigges has already set off for Innsbruck, and you are to follow him to-morrow."

## A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE, WILL BE CONCLUDED

With the present volume, in No. 100 of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, for the 23rd of March, 1861.

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*